I begin to cry once I am in my loneliness, with no one to see the tears run down my cheeks. I begin to think of life before the convent, I picture the features of my brothers, the curves of their smiles and the wrinkles on their forehead when they get upset. I wonder if they wonder where my sister and I are, do they picture our features in their head, are we missed. My mother, her laugh, her love, her voice, her touch, I miss her. I know even though she has past she misses me, that’s what I love to think. My father, he has gone to make his fortune, I know he will come back when he does make his fortune, Julia does not think so but I know he will. But till then, we will wait; we will live here in the convent with the sisters. But, when the holidays arrive we will go with one of our aunts to spend it with them and her family. I do not know much of her but maybe she is kind hearted and will welcome us to her home with open arms and a kind heart. It has been over a week since I last seen the back of my father leaving us, residing with the sisters is not as bad as imagined. They enjoy our company very much. They told us that we will have to attend to daily prayers and mass, one of the sisters told me that I must learn how to sew. She was astonished when she found out that my sister and I did not know how to work a sewing machine. This will purpose a challenge for me but I will take it, maybe it will make the time go faster while I wait for my father. The sisters are very kind and quiet for most of the time; they mostly just speak to us when giving us instructions. But life in the convent with the sisters and daily mass is very quiet and peaceful. I am not sure if I would be able to do this my whole life, which makes me think, what future life has for a girl like me, with no mother a lost father and brothers. I do not think I have much to think about when the future will come sometime, then, I will find out. But, being a sister at a convent is very ruled out of my options, I show the sisters much respect but the life that is constantly dedicated to god is not so much for me. I need something I can make a difference, impact women in such a way that their lives will change as mine did.